Democratic-Northwest.
AND HENRY COUNTY NEWS.

LAST year, according to statistics, about 24,000 men and 18,000 women emigrated from Japan to find homes in America, Europe and other countries. Japan, like all other tries where production is carried on by the capitalistic system, is overcrowded with workmen who leave or shift about because they believe they can do better somewhere else.

LITTLE man at the theater, vainly trying to catch a glimpse over the shoulders of a big man in front of him, at length touches him on the shoulder. Big Man (turning round)—Can you see anything? Little Man (pathetically) Can't see a streak of the stage. Big man (sarcastically)—Why, then, I'll tell you what to do. You keep your eye on me, and laugh when I do.—*Harlem Life.*

In all cases, where a mild but effective aperient is needed, Ayer's Pills are the best. They improve the appetite, restore healthy action, promote digestion, and regulate every function. No pill is in greater demand, or more highly recommended by the profession

SOME of the negroes who were shipped from Alabama to Kansas to take the place of white miners during a strike there, a short time ago, are being shipped back again to take the places of striking miners around Birmingham. Simple Sambo is esteemed a handy shuttlecock in most emergencies, but one of his saddest wrongs is the way his Republican friends used him and cast him aside.

FAMILIAR phrases applied: "Ho, there," as the farmer said to his field hand; "Take a chair," as the dentist said to his patient; "Get on to it," as the bicycle teacher said to the nervous beginner; "you make me tired," as the hired girl said to the Monday morning washing.

Every farmer knows the folly of robbing his lands of virtue and strength without restoring anything, but the same man may rob his nerve system of strength and vitality for years and then wonder why disease has fastened on him. To all such unthinking spendthrifts of nerve force. Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer comes as a friend to build up and revitalize the impoverished nerves and restore health. Abundant nerve force insures perfect physical and mental health and Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer strengthens and makes nerve force. Sold by Saur & Balsley.

But There Seemed to Be.

The gentleman living in the suburbs had a goat for the children's pleasure, and it was that kid of a goat which might well be called rambunctious, for it took position of the place early and showed little disposition to vacate. One morning the goat walked into the children's playhouse, and as the gentleman was starting down town he told the man about the place to drive it out and shut it up in the stable. The man promised, and the master proceeded to his office. At noon the man came to the office on an errand.

"By the way, John," said the master, "did you put that goat in the stable as I told you?"

John began to hedge.

"I was busy, sir, and"——

"Busy nothing," interrupted the master, "I told you to put it in the stable, and that's what I wanted you to do."

"Yes, sir," parleyed John, "but"——

"There's no buts about it. I"——

"Oh, but there is, sir," interrupted John this time. "If you don't believe me, sir, you just tackle the goat yourself, sir, and you'll see how it is."—*Ex.*

Women makes good jurors and to them we wish briefly to sum up the evidence proving superiority of Magic Dyes, to wit: They color anything and everything and are easy to use. Give rich, fast colors, which do not crock or fade like most other brands. The packages are larger than other 10 cent dyes and color nearly double the goods.

Other brands require a separate package for cotton, while nearly all Magic colors will dye cotton, wool, silk etc, with same package making them far superior coloring mixed goods. Furthermore, try them, follow the simple directions and your verdict after trial will be for Magic Dyes. Sold by Saur & Basley, Napoleon, Ohio.

Women Who Make The Best Wives.

Probably there is no old enough to be interested in the question "What women make the best wives?" who has not some personal ideas on the subject; but whatever our ideas on any topic may be, it is always interesting to know the opinions of other people—especially if they are "brainy"—on the same matter. In DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for June the vital question about good wives is discussed by Susan B. Anthony, Clara Louise Kellogg, Mrs. Ballington Booth, Mrs. M. Palmer, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Ellen Battelle Dietrick, and others, all qualified by experience or judicious observation to give opinions worthy of careful attention, and every opinion given bears the individuality of the author and is well worth reading. Equally interesting is an article on "How News is Gathered"; after reading it on begins to appreciate what a marvel the modern newspaper really is, and to estimate at their true value the enterprise, energy, and forethought that make it possible for us to learn of the previous day's doings of the whole world. Then there is another curious and unique paper on "Photography and Crime," which tells of the application of the wizard art to the detection of crime; "The Road to Fame or Fortune" gives some especially interesting information about how to become successful professional women; the stories are excellent, "The Summer Care of House Plants" furnishes important hints for those interested in floriculture; "Ant Stories" and the "Puzzles" will afford amusements for the children; all the numerous departments are overflowing with valuable and interesting information; while the fine illustrations count up into the hundreds.

Every issue of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE is replete with good things, and is published for $2 a year by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th St., New York.

Decided to Pop.

A Detroiter who came east from the Pacific slope via the Union Pacific road this spring fell in with an old chap in Wyoming one day and started conversation by observing:

"Some portions of this country seem to be excellent farming lands?"

"Mebbe they ar'," was the indifferent reply.

"Seems to be plenty of timber for all uses"

"Mebbe thar is,"

"Going to be a great country some day?"

"Mebbe it ar'."

"I suppose," said the Detroiter, determined to break down the other's reserve, "I suppose there is lots of game out here?"

"Mebbe thar is," was the monotonous reply.

"I had an idea you lived in Wyoming?"

"Mebbe I do."

"Excuse me if I have annoyed you. Perhaps you don't feel well?"

"I'm feeling all right, but was kinder busy thinkin."

"Then I won't interrupt you. Being a stranger, I was naturally interested in the country, you know."

"Yes, I know. Go ahead and ask anything you want to."

But you are thinking."

"I've got through. It wasn't much to think about, arter all. I live at Laramie. Ole Jim Doty, who lives up at Benton, sent word to me t'other day that I was a liar. I'm on my way up to see him about it. I was thinkin whether I orter pop him from the car winder when we git thar, or jump off and gin him a show to take it back. I've settled it in my mind that I'll pop him, and so I'm ready to answer any questions as far as I kin."—Detroit Free Press.

UNCLE PETER'S SERMON.

"Wha's yo' reco'd, tremblin sinnah?
Wha's de tithes yo' bringin in?
Do yo' spect t' be a winnah
Fo' yo' Christyun wuk begin?
Hussle up! Secuah yo' lodgin
Wha' de golden lante'ns glow,
Foh dey won' be any dodgin
W'en de ho'n begins t' blow.

"Tend ter wuk an be a-savin.
Yo' no 'Lijah—heah my song?—
Des a-waitin twell a raven
Cums a-totin grub along!
Yo' may hab a peaceful lodgin
Wha' de streams o' marcy flow,
But dey won' be any dodgin
W'en de ho'n begins t' blow.

"Put away de idle dreamin!
Lif' Emanyul's bannah high!
Don' yo' see de lamps a-gleamin
On de buzzum o' de sky?
Ah, ye can't deadbeat yo' lodgin
Wha' de hebenly roses blow,
An dey won' be any dodgin
W'en ole Gabe begins t' blow."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SHOEMAKER.

In mountain girt Salzburg, noted if only for being the birthplace of Mozart, there dwelt once a shoemaker of the name of Siebold Veit. Notwithstanding the lowliness of his station, this disciple of St. Crispin burned incense assiduously before the muses. Like the village Milton immortalized by Gray, Herr Veit had been debarred in youth by "chill penury" from the acquisition of knowledge, but maturer days brought him many a recompensing opportunity for a glance at the pages of wisdom. All was grist that gravitated to our shoemaker's mental millstones, and the stores acquired thus promiscuously from reading and hearsay were never lost or suffered to molder for want of expression. Indeed his application of what he gleaned was frequently so inopportune as to excite the hearty laughter of his honest but critical neighbors. Yet he paid little heed to their merriment, and today was as ready to excuse the shortness of their boots with "brevity is the soul of wit" as to assure them tomorrow that their old shoes were brought "never too late to mend."

Siebold was a bachelor from choice, but often let parts of the house, a quaint red tiled, low ridged, many gabled dwelling at the end of one of the serpentine streets characteristic of Salzburg. At the time we peep into his life we find him landlord of Gabriel Stoss, a student. Herr Veit's proximity to so animated a cyclopedia proved such a stimulant to his love for learning as to be well nigh inebriating. The mere creak of the stair, as the scholar went to and fro, was sufficient to make the shoemaker's imagination reel in visions of the feast of reason that the very steps groaned to support.

Occasionally in the evenings the student would drop into his host's cozy workroom and read him versions of the Greek and Roman writers, and, carried along by his listener's whole souled attention and undisguised rapture, would not infrequently continue the inspiriting myths away into the night. At such times the simple toiler's delight culminated in nothing short of ecstasy. Once when the student had retired with his little red margined volume of legends his admiring auditor actually stole into the vacated chair to satisfy himself that an exchange of seats did not entail, a priori, a transfer of knowledge, and hastened to bed, where before long he lost sight of sordid and hampering reality in the blissfulness of a dream that brought in its sequence the attainments of the professor of ancient languages in the very college attended by his lodger.

One summer evening, having finished his work early, the shoemaker sauntered out upon his porch to smoke and meditate the while on a recent narration of the student's. The story took his fancy so much as to incite him to action. During Herr Veit's musings the sun set. The retired street grew still and dark. Lights appeared here and there behind small diamond shaped panes and emphasized the descent of night. Suddenly knocking the ashes from his meerschaum, the shoemaker entered his domicile, and, acting upon his cogitations, took down his time worn fiddle and drew from it a few strains—a return to his former mistress, music. Away back in his youth he could recall the days when he handled the bow with no mean skill, but for many a year he had neglected music to delve in the more alluring field of letters. Now again he applied himself to his instrument with a fervor which made use of every spare moment until his old art returned so ravishingly that the wondering neighbors strayed in to hear him at his new caprice. But they withdrew ever with jocund faces, for try as they would to refrain from smiles Herr Veit was sure to elicit merriment in the end by some such observation as, "We're never too old to learn?"

It was on a morning after he had been practicing five months that the shoemaker closed his shop, locked up his rooms, and mounting the steep, bare steps that led to his lodger's quarters left the key with Gabriel, adding that he was not to be looked for until his return. Leaving the youth at the head of the stairway, key in hand, gazing wonderingly after him, our itinerant musician covered carefully his violin with his long gray cloak, drew his broad topped woolen cap over his eyes and passed into the street, free at that early hour of pedestrians. He made his way over a bridge across the Salzach to the brown meadows beyond the town. It was a most exhilarating morning. The Salzach, as it foamed between the peaks sentineling its banks, tree clad Kapuzinerberg to the right, gloomy, rugged Monchsberg on the left, seemed to brawl more jubilantly than ever of its descent from the distant Tyrolese Alps. The sun had not yet risen above the misty mountain tops, so the city lay in shadow, but the color suffusing the sky, and the glistening of the frost on the fallow meadows, and an occasional strain from some stirring songster betokened day's advent. The fresh air seemed to impart unwonted buoyancy to Herr Veit. He strode lustily on and soon passed the open country adjacent to the city. Uplands and lowlands he traversed for several days, pausing often to break the stillness of dell and glade with the dulcet voice of his violin.

At last he came upon a hamlet nestling, like his own picturesque town, in a stream threaded valley at the foot of a range of hills. The dampness of the day veiled the hilltops heavily in mist, a circumstance which seemed to disturb the simple villagers very much. They were gathered in a knot in front of the mountains regarding wistfully the summits of the nearest range. The wandering musician, following the path that skirted the base of the hills, loomed suddenly in sight, and with one impulse the peasants hailed him as a being sent from other realms—to aid them perhaps. They conjured him to disperse the clouds that for several days had hung about the mountains and prevented their getting to their flocks grazing on the heights.

The traveler replied serenely in an unintelligible dialect that the clouds certainly were fine evidences of a dull day, but that the herdsmen were not to be further alarmed, as he was provided with the sovereign remedy for such exigencies. Seating himself on a stump near by, Herr Veit began confidently to woo the sun god with sweet music. The anxious rustics concluded that this procedure was the magical way to dissipate the mists and went by twos and threes contentedly about their various callings.

As the hours wore away, however, with no marked lightening of the atmosphere, the people began to doubt the stranger's power and to exhibit signs of impatience, some manifestations being so stormy as to affect the musician—and his measures—tremulously. Phœbus, too, apparently was angry, for though Herr Veit, with his liveliest notes, besought an audience, the day closed unblessed with a glimpse of the sun god's radiance. As the night became darker and darker, the music grew more and more faint, but it was only when the weariest villagers had sunk to rest that the melody ceased. In order to give their would be deliverer sufficient time, the inhabitants had resolved to leave him to his methods until the following day. Bright and early next morning the sun appeared, but long before its rays gilded the mountain tops Herr Veit, fearful of another trial, had stolen from the scene of his exertions—sighting after many hardships the familiar roofs of Salzburg.

One evening soon after Herr Veit's return the student was asked to sup with him, and over the coffee the adventure was recounted. The legend which had turned the shoemaker's head must have been of Amphion, under whose magic music the ramparts of Thebes are reputed to have arisen, for when the episode had been rehearsed mine host, prefacing by way of momentum, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," reflected that in the olden time it must have been no small matter to build up a wall by the power of music, seeing that nowadays it was most difficult to move even a cloud by the same.

"True," Gabriel acquiesced, "such feats seem practicable enough on paper; but, success granted, I warrant that the achievements one comes across in chronicles were not the crust breaking performances that the old bards report. Times, moreover, have changed. We live in another age; different conditions environ us. Waiving enigmas abroad or in remote periods, there are problems at our very doors clamoring for solution. Reviewing it all and recalling a trenchant observation touching the happiness of home keeping wits, I am more than ever impressed with the force of our adage——

"Schuster, bleib' bei deinen leisten!" (Shoemaker, stick to your last) anticipated Herr Veit gleefully, and for once at least aptly.—I. I. Summerscales in Kansas City Times.

Discovered.

There were many queer characters in Ballantyne's printing house in Edinburgh, and one of them declared that he knew who wrote the Waverley novels, "almost as soon as the master," Mr. James Ballantyne.

"I had just begun a new sheet of 'Guy Mannering,'" he would say, "one night awhile after 12, and all the compositors had left, when in comes Mr. Ballantyne himself, with a letter in his hand and a lot o' types.

"'I am going to make a small alteration, Sandy,' said he. 'Unlock the form, will you? I'll not keep you many minutes.'

"Well, I did as I was bidden, and Mr. Ballantyne looked at the letter and altered three lines on one page and one line on another.

"'That will do now, Sandy, I think,' were his words, and off he went, never thinking he had left the letter lying on my bank. I had barely time to get a glimpse at it when he came back, but I kent the hand weel and the signature, and it was 'Walter Scott.' I had a great lang ballant (ballad) in Sir Walter's ain hand o' write at hame, so that I was nae stranger to it. So, you see, gentlemen, I kent the grand secret when it was a secret."—Youth's Companion.

MY HEART'S DELIGHT.

There never lived a painter who her lineaments could trace.
The verse was never uttered that could tell their peerless grace.
I always dream of flowers when I look upon her face.
No lily bud is sweeter,
No rose so pink and white.
The birds must pipe in meter
To sing my heart's delight.

Her locks are like the sunbeams that the summer fairy weaves.
Her voice recalls the music of the wind among the sheaves.
Her footsteps fall like rose leaves beneath my cottage eaves.
There is a spell about her,
Her beauty haunts my sight.
I could not live without her,
My lissom heart's delight.

The balm of spring is on her lips; there's summer in her smile.
Her gentle glance reveals a heart that never knew a wile,
And yet the dimple on her cheek a hermit would beguile.
May fortune e'er smile o'er her.
I'd die for her tonight.
I live but to adore her,
My dainty heart's delight.
—Boston Transcript.

CRANDALL'S MARCH.

Tom Crandall, the orderly sergeant of Company I, was a fine soldier and a fine fellow as well, but he was something of a martinet—hardly popular among the members of his own company.

When orders were issued to have the men thoroughly drilled, Orderly Tom obeyed most literally. From reveille to tattoo it was drill, drill, drill for the boys of Company I till they would have welcomed marching orders for the north pole as a release from the manual of arms and evolutions.

Nothing less than a surgeon's order would serve with Orderly Tom as an excuse from drill.

One afternoon, when the company had fallen in, the roll call revealed the absence of Thomas Higgins and William Stapleton. A rigid examination of the company quarters failed to discover the delinquents, and with "absent without leave" against them in the orderly book and a big black mark in Tom's memory the company marched to the drill ground without them.

The quarters of the men were the stables of Sneidiker's hotel. With 10 full companies to drill, the stable yard, which was the only parade ground within the regimental lines, was totally inadequate; hence all drills in company movements were conducted in a field outside the guard lines.

Sentinels were duly instructed to permit all squads or companies in charge of noncommissioned officers to pass out, but under no other circumstances to allow an enlisted man to leave the camp without a pass, though all soldiers might enter unquestioned.

Tom marched his company about a hundred feet from the lines and had just changed direction by the right flank when his quick eye detected the two skulkers stealthily emerging from the quarters of Company H.

"Company, halt!" instantly shouted Tom. "You, Higgins and Stapleton, get your equipments and fall in for drill! Do you hear?"

Evidently they did hear, but instead of obeying both started on the double quick toward the cookhouse.

"In place, rest!" shouted Tom to his company. "Halt, there!" to the skulkers. But they quickened their pace.

Dropping his rifle into the hands of a corporal, Tom started in pursuit. Across the guard lines he sped to the cookhouse, into which the two fugitives had disappeared, and into which he also quickly vanished.

Now, a large portion of the members of Company I were young fellows, ranging from 17 to 23 years of age, little used to military restraints, while the deprivations and dullness which they were experiencing made them peculiarly eager for some sort of fun.

It can be easily conceived that Orderly Tom's unexpected deviation from irksome drill was hailed by the boys of the waiting company with delight. They hoped the race would last long, and that the fugitives would escape.

So they did. After an absence of some 10 minutes Tom reissued from the cookhouse alone, and with an ominous frown upon his brow approached his command. At the same time the two fugitives were seen far down the road, making their way rapidly toward the town, having left the cookhouse by some way of which Tom knew not.

The almost simultaneous appearance of the defeated orderly and the victorious skulkers was greeted by the boys of the company with first a shout of jeering laughter and then a ringing cheer.

"Attention, company!" shouted the orderly sergeant. But the only attention paid him was another shout of laughter that deepened his frown.

"Stop that laughing in the ranks!" again commanded the orderly.

"Halt!" cried the sentinel, bringing his piece to a charge and confronting Orderly Tom, who had now reached the guard line. "You can't pass here."

"I cannot pass!" gasped the astonished orderly. "Why not?"

"Orders," curtly replied the sentry.

"Orders! Well, what are your orders?"

"Oh, you know the orders well enough," answered the sentry—"to let no enlisted man pass out of the camp without a pass except noncommissioned officers in charge of squads for drills."

"Well," exclaimed Tom triumphantly, "I am a noncommissioned officer in command of a company out for drill, and there is my company, as you well know."

"Don't know nothin about that company. It's outside the lines, and you're inside. Don't look much like a company anyhow."

Indeed the sentinel's sarcastic allusion to the company was justified, as the men danced and roared and fairly hugged one another to see the difficulty into which their stern sergeant had fallen. He made no further attempt to cross the lines, but turned and strode swiftly toward headquarters, followed by a fresh burst of derisive laughter from his insubordinate command.

In a short time he reappeared, and exhibiting a pass to the sentinel advanced toward his demoralized company, and resuming his rifle uttered the single word, "Attention!"

Every face instantly sobered, for every man felt that not only was Tom deeply offended, but that retribution was close at hand. Very quietly he gave the order: "By the right flank! Right face, company! Forward, march!" and retribution began.

It was December. Snow had fallen some days before, then rain, followed by a day or two of unseasonably warm weather. The country roads, tramped by troops of drilling cavalry and plowed by teams and loaded wagons, were all slush, water and very tenacious, deep mud.

Straight to this abominable highway Tom marched Company I. Directly into the middle of the road, where the mud was thickest and the water deepest, the boys wheeled in obedience to his stern command. Then, as unconcernedly as though on the most perfect parade ground in the world, he issued his orders:

"By company, into platoons! Left into line, wheel! On right, by file into line!" and through all the evolutions.

At one moment Company I charged bayonets down that fearful road at double quick, at another wheeled in circle through slush, while Tom noted defects and corrected them as nonchalantly as though on a grassy lawn.

For a full hour and a half, long after recall had sounded, without halt or rest, Tom maneuvered that weary company.

At last, wet, weary and half exhausted, the mud bedraggled company was led to quarters by its inexorable commander. Throughout that remarkable drill the only words Tom uttered that indicated the state of his feelings were spoken as he gave the command of dismissal.

"Company, right face!" he ordered. "Arms aport! When you fellows would like to defy discipline again, let me know. Break ranks, march!"

And so ended the proceeding, which was known as "Tom Crandall's march" as long as Company I was an organization.

In the days which followed the boys of Company I came to know their orderly sergeant better and learned to respect and appreciate his military qualities, for if his literal interpretation of orders sometimes tended to their inconvenience it oftener led to their comfort and well being, and in more instances than one to the preservation of some of their lives.

Poor Tom sleeps today in the silent camping ground, and many of his old companions are with him, but with each returning spring the floral emblems of his surviving comrades are laid upon his grave as tenderly as though that grotesque march, of which he was the hero, had never been.—George H. Hosea in Youth's Companion.

She Paid George.

They sat cozily side by side at the theater enjoying to the top of their bent the miserable fate of Desdemona, and dear George told her that he would never be jealous of her—no, not if she should give away 1,000 pocket handkerchiefs, and then they had squeezed each other's hands under her lace wrap, and they were happy as happy can be. "Dear George" bought her a box of bonbons and then ate them all up, for no man was ever so much in love as to be shy in the matter of eating.

By and by it came to the end of the third act, and after looking very restless and wretched George said fondly, "You won't mind, dear, will you, if I just step out into the vestibule to stretch my legs a bit, will you?"

If George had had half an eye he would have seen that she did mind—very much. No woman likes to be left alone in a theater, but she only said coolly, "Oh, not in the least, if you care to go."

So George crawled over the laps of half a dozen ladies, treading on their toes, scratching their chins with his watch chain and brushing the bloom off their laces and evening attire.

She waited about five minutes, and then, swiftly bundling her wrap around her, and with her pretty face scarlet with indignation and embarrassment, she bravely left the theater and went home.

And it served George right.—New Orleans Picayune.

According to Law.

The prisoner before the wild and woolly western court hadn't much of a chance and no friends, but a young lawyer from the east, out there to win his spurs, undertook the case for the glory there might be in it, and the first thing he did was to demand a jury trial.

"Aw, come off," remonstrated the judge.

"Your honor," said the young man with great dignity, "I demand in the name of the constitutional right of every citizen of this great and glorious country that my client here be tried before a jury of his peers."

"He can't git it," said the judge, almost overcome by this oratorical outburst.

"I demand it, your honor," insisted the young advocate.

"D'you say a jury of his peers?" inquired the judge, as if about to relent.

"Yes, your honor."

"Well, now, look a-here, young feller," decided the judge, "fer half a cent I'd fine you fer contemp'. D'you think we'd stand a dozen more like him in this community? If you do, you hadn't better say so. Perceed with yer argument." And the mandate of the court was obeyed.—Detroit Free Press.

The Cost of Firing the Thirteen Inch Gun.

The cost of each pound of projectile is 18 cents, which makes each one fired represent $207. The powder costs 33 cents a pound, or $181.50 for the charge. Bags in which it is incased, fuses, etc., bring the cost of each shot up to $400. The expense of each shot makes it exceedingly desirable that each one hits the target it is sent at.

There are other remarkable features about this leviathan besides the projectile. Powder such as no one ever dreamed of 10 years ago is used. It is technically known as brown prismatic and takes the latter term from the peculiar shape of the grain. Each grain is probably 2½ inches high and 2 in width and is prismatic in form, with a small hole through the center. Eleven of these grains make one pound. Each grain would make several pounds for an ordinary fowling piece. The extent of the charge necessitates its being placed in four parts, each part also prismatic. These parts are forced in the gun, and when in place hug one another closely. Thin muslin bags hold the powder in place.—Baltimore Sun.

HER WORLD.

Behind them slowly sank the western world,
Before them new horizons opened wide.
"Yonder," he said, "old Rome and Venice wait,
And lovely Florence by the Arno's tide."
She heard, but backward all her heart had sped
Where the young moon sailed through the sunset red.
"Yonder," she thought, "with breathing soft and deep,
My little lad lies smiling in his sleep."
They sailed where Capri dreamed upon the sea
And Naples slept beneath her olive trees.
They saw the plains where trod the gods of old,
Pink with the flush of wild anemones.
They saw the marbles by the master wrought
To shrine the heavenly beauty of his thought.
Still ran one longing through her smiles and sighs—
"If I could see my little lad's sweet eyes!"
Down from her shrine the dear Madonna gazed,
Her baby lying warm against her breast.
"What does she see?" he whispered. "Can she guess
The cruel thorns to those soft temples pressed?"
"Ah, no," she said. "She shuts him safe from harms
Within the love locked harbor of her arms.
No fear of coming fate could make me sad
If so tonight I held my little lad."
"If you could choose," he said, "a royal boon
Like that girl dancing yonder for the king,
What gift from all her kingdom would you bid
Obedient Fortune in her hand to bring?"
The dancer's robe, the glittering banquet hall,
Swam in the mist of tears along the wall.
"Not power," she said, "nor riches nor delight,
But just to kiss my little lad tonight!"
—Emily H. Miller in Independent.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS!

NOTICE is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of the Bebee Law the Henry county Board of Examiners will hold examinations for teachers in the basement of the Court House in Napoleon, Ohio, on the following dates, to-wit:

2d and 4th Saturdays of			September
do	do	do	October
do	do	do	November.
do	do	do	December.
do	do	do	February
do	do	do	March.
do	do	do	April.
do	do	do	May.
do	do	do	June

Examinations will commence at 9 o'clock a. m. Evidence of good moral characters will be required of all candidates; that evidence to be a personal knowledge of the Examiners concerning the applicant, or certificates of good moral character from some reliable source.

MRS. SUE WELSTEAD,
CHAS. E. REYNOLDS,
W. M. WARD, } Examiners.

JUST RECEIVED a large stock of Letter Heads Note Heads, Statements, Bill Heads, etc. Call at this office and get prices. tf